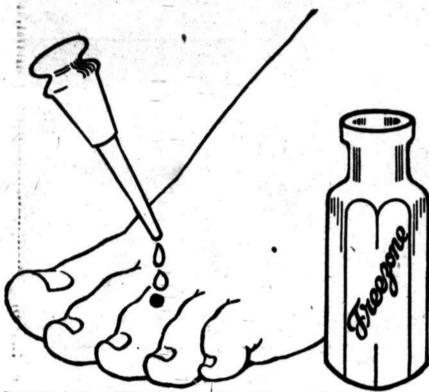
Lift Right Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

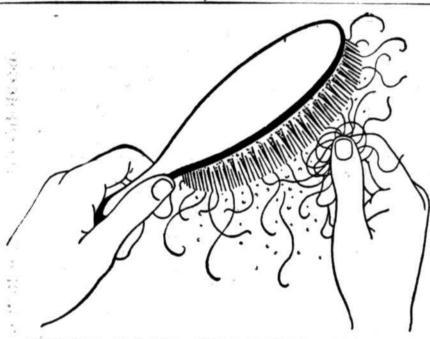
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Dye old Dress, Skirt, Sweater or Draperies in "Diamond Dyes"

Any Woman can Dye or Tint Faded Garments or Hangings a New, Rich Color for Few Cents

contains directions so simple any cause Diamond Dyes are guaranteed woman can dye or tint her worn, not to spot, fade, streak or run. Tell shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, your druggist whether the material stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy whether it is linen, cotton or mixed 'Diamond Dyes''—no other kind— goods.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" | then perfect home dyeing is sure, be-



DON'T LOSE ANOTHER HAIR!

35-cent "Danderine" will Save Any Man or Woman's Hair—Delightful Tonic—See Dandruff Go!

druff stay. Neglect means a bald spot shortly. A little "Danderine" every particle of dandruff, tightens Your comb or brush is warning you. the hair-root pores, so the hair stops Hurry to any drug store and get a coming out and so the vitalizing oils, bottle now. Don't wait!

Only fools let hair fall out and dan- which are the very life and strength of the hair, can not ooze away. Danderine is not sticky or greasy. now will save your hair. This de It has made weak, sick, neglected lightful tonic cleans the scalp of hair strong and healthy for millions.



Clean Child's Bowels MOTHER! with "California Fig Syrup"

Even Cross, Feverish, Sick Children Love its Taste and it Never Fails to Empty Little Bowels

Syrup" now will quickly start liver cramping or overacting. and bowel action and in a few hours

A teaspoonful of "California Fig | little stomach and bowels without

Tell your druggist you want only you have a weli, playful child again. the genuine "California Fig Syrup,"
Mothers can rest easy after giving which has directions for babies and Cattfornia Fig Syrup," because it children of all ages printed on bottle. never fails to work the sour bile and Mother, you must say "California."

The Babe A Play in One Act By Calexs Alexander

CHARACTERS:

THE BABE. WILLIE PYTCHLEY. QUORN. JIM HARRIS.

The Babe, a chic, girlish, bobbed-haired blonde of about twenty-three, and Willie Pytchley, several years younger, tall, frock-coated, sleek-haired, spatted and be-monocled, are seated on the

FILLIE-I say, you know, you are quite the most refreshing thing I've seen since I left my regiment in India. Your eyes, face, hair, all of you m'dear, with an air of fragrant virginity, has me positively ratty. I've fallen for you

deucedly hard y'know. THE BABE—Oh, Willie, dear! When can we get married? WILLIE (stiffening with surprise and hesitant) — Married? (and

then, softly)—Oh, yes; of course. THE BABE (noticing his hesitation and drawing away)-I see. You don't want to marry me. (She grows tearful.) You—y-you're only fooling with me, Willie. WILLIE-Well you see, little girl,

my uncle would raise the very deuce unless I choose a wife from -ahem-our crowd. You're sensible enough to appreciate that.

THE BABE (slowly and with dignity)-What right have you to suppose that I do not belong to (a pause) your crowd? I shall be pleased to introduce you to my father, if you wish, and I think that will settle your doubts. Of course, Willie (she grows sarcastic), we haven't your reputation, but (a pause) anyway, see papa and judge for yourself. WILLIE—I'd be awfully pleased.

How soon can you arrange it? THE BABE-I'll arrange it. Possibly for this afternoon. Run along home now and I'll phone you

when to come. WILLIE-Make it soon, darling, make it soon. By-bye (and he

(The Babe stands in the doorway and blows a kiss as an outer door is heard to close. She then

goes to the telephone.) THE BABE (taking up the teleinstrument)-Give me Mayfair 01145, please (a brief pause)-Hello, is this Mr. Quorn's office? It is? Well, may I speak with him, please. Not there! Oh, well, all right thank you. That man (with a wise, knowing wink) knows he's not as young as he used to be and he's avoiding m But I'll locate him. I—I must. Try Oxford 11054, please (a pause). Is this the Tennis Club? Is Mr. Quorn there? Yes, Mr. Quorn, Q-u-o-r-n. It really is important (a longer pause). Hello, Quornie. I've been trying for hours to reach you. One might think that you were running your office any more. And this is SO important (a pause, then): That is sweet of you, and here's what I want. I need a father. Oh (hastening to assure him) it's only for a few minutes. You see, I've promised to introduce a certain friend of mine to my father. and as he doesn't exist-my father, I mean—the role must be filled by some one who does, Comprenz? (she grows impatient and talks fast, apparently interrupting the other's objections.) Now don't ask questions. It's just a joke. All you have to do is to say "How do you do" (she smirks and inclines her head) when I make the introduction, then take your cues from me. Oh! Would you, could you (pout-ing and nearly in tears) refuse me? (Now in a determined, exultant voice after listening attentively for a moment) But you You will for the sake of your reputation. Do you remember those love letters you sent me last year? Ha! yes, I thought



you'd forget them, and they'd

look rather lurid in print

wouldn't they? Yes; it may be next door to blackmail, but I'm





"And to think of the lectures I've taken with each allowance check on the perils of the primrose path.

just got to do this for me. You will? Oh! I just knew you would. Come right over; yes, right away. Ta-ta. (After a pause.) Let me have Oxford 43891. (A pause, and then) Is this Mr. Pytchley's home? He is in? Good, ask him to please come to the phone. Hello Willie! What do you think? Well, just after you left father called to say he was leaving the city to-night, and when I explained things to him he agreed to come right up. So come over will you? Yes, just give us a few minutes together-I haven't seen the old dear for some time

right, by-bye, dear. THE BABE (shrewdly, to herself) -Of course, it mustn't get to the announcement stage but flancees get so much nicer letters than just little bits of fluff (she goes round the table and takes from a drawer a thin packet of letters and a photograph.)

-then come right along. All

(A bell rings off stage and the Babe exits through the door.) THE BABE-Quornie, you old dear.

Toddle along in. QUORN (portly ruddy-cheeked, immaculately dressed, is middleaged. He speaks gruffly and with dignity)-Well, when'll he be here? Who's the young fool anyway? If I didn't want those letters I'd never be party to such a fraud. But, I'm a silly old ass, and must pay for it. Now, what

(The bell off stage interrupts. The Babe leaves Quorn standing by the fireplace and exits running through the door.) THE BABE (off stage)-Father's

here. Willie. Tnot along, I want you to meet the old dear. (She enters, dragging Willie

by the hand. THE BABE (smiling at Quorn)-Father I want-

QUORN (startled, interrupts)-Willie, by heaven! WILLIE (retreating a step as the Babe releases his hand, and in

open-mouthed wonder)-Uncle! (While Willie and Quorn stare in speechless amazement a' each other the Babe crosses to and sits on the arm of the divan.)

WILLIE (slowly and sarcastically) -And to think of the lectures I've taken with each allowance check on the perils of the primrose path.

(Quorn splutters and purples with rage.) THE BABE (laughing immoderately)-Forgive me, but I can't help

it. This IS good. QUORN (tersely)-Willie, we'll go. THE BABE (rising swiftly and crossing to the doorway, where she faces the men)-Not so fast! I propose to settle this affair right now. What are your let-

ters worth to you, Quornie?
QUORN—Look here, I'll give you
a hundred pounds for the whole
bally lot. I think you'll admit that's a generous offer. THE BABE (with rippling laughter)—Generous? Well, you'll have to be a spendthrift and multiply that by four-then p'raps

I'll think it over. QUORN (indignantly)-Preposter-

THE BABE (quite sweetly)-The photo is included, you know. QUORN (startled)—By jove! I'd forgotten that photograph (then glowering at the Babe), it's absolutely outrageous, but (turning to Willie) lend me your fountain pen, Willie.

(Willie and Quorn step to the table, where the latter writes his

THE BABE (quite casually)-The bank's only three blocks away (and smiling innocently at both) Willie can get the check cashed in a few minutes.

QUORN (indignantly)-Are you insinuating that I would stop payment? THE BABE (beaming)-Oh, no.

Quornie; but I'm nervous to-day and cash is more soothing than a (In silence Willie takes the

check from Quorn and exits hurriedly through the door.)

THE BABE (waving Quorn to a seat on the divan)-Do sit down, . Quornie. You're needlessly agitated—and that's bad for your blood pressure, y'know. Here, let me light you a cigarette. It will

QUORN (petulantly, from behind a cloud of cigarette smoke)-Leave me alone. Don't make it worse. You've succeeded in getting me into a jolly rotten mess, haven't you? 'Tisn't the money, but that young beggar'll touch me for an extra five pounds every time we meet. It'll make no difference now what he does-I'll have to pay for it; you-you-you (his voice trails off in a splutter of rage).

THE BABE (soothingly)-Now. now, Quornie. No naughty names. And don't get excited or (shaking a finger at him) you'll burst a blood vessel.

WILLIE (appearing breathlessly in the doorway)—Here I am! (He draws a sheaf of bank notes from his pocket.)
THE BABE (rising and going to-

ward him)-Oh, how quick you were. The dear boy must have ran

It Happened in a Night By Edgar Wallace

(Continued from Preceding Page)

her experience lost suit-cases had a habit of straying under beds. "Oh, terribly amusing!" said Cicero between his teeth. "I'm absolutely sure I brought it up." He dashed out of the room, followed by the old woman. Instantly the basket was raised, and a vellow suit-case thrust out.

A minute later and the two were "I'm perfectly certain I brought it up here," Cicero said emphatically. "I remember putting it down by that table and—" he could only stand and stare.

There it is all the time, sir," said Mrs. Mumble, and Cicero passed his hand across his fore-

"Was it there before?" he asked

faintly.

Helen had heard the sound of looking very scurrying feet, and looking very young and girlish in her blue kimono, she stood at the door. "Have you lost something, Mr. Jones?" she asked.

"Mr. Jones has found it now," said Mrs. Mumble. "Good night, sir. Good night, Miss Helen. Your father's gone to bed and so has Miss Josephine. Good night, Mr. Jones. Come along, Miss Helen." Helen turned with a gesture which only a kimono permits.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Jones," she said quietly, and the housekeeper was aghast. But, my dear-

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"That is quite enough, Mrs. Mumble," not without dignity.

Mrs. Mumble retired, inwardly protesting. "I wanted to see you, Mr. Jones, to lend you a little book," she had been primly standing at the door, but now permitted herself to ven-

ture into the room. Cicero was for the first time "A little book? What is it, a

ghost story?" he asked, and Helen shook her head. "No, it is called 'If He Had Had

His Chance'—I found it extremely useful when I was head girl at St. Margaret's, in bringing wild and turbulent spirits to a realization of their opportunities." Cicero smiled.

"Indeed? But I'm not a wild or a turbulent spirit, Helen." He sat on the edge of the table watching her, and saw that she had something more to say. "I had to see you, Mr. Jo es," she said at last. "I don't think I

should have slept if I hadn't."

Was she going to tell him about
Josephine's terrible secret? His own mind was not yet made up as to the course he should pursue. He ought to go to the police, and

"I think one owes a duty to one's fellow creatures," said Helen and looking round at the open door, leant forward and in a low voice:

"Mr. Jones—you are in danger!"
Cicero stood up.

"You are in mortal peril!" whispered Helen, and his blood ran

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

all the way. You did, didn't you? WILLIE (gulping)—I—I hastened as best I could. Here's the money. (He hands it to the Babe who in turn takes the packet of letters and the photograph from her dress and hands them to Quorn.)

QUORN (putting the packet in his pocket as he rises and secures his hat, stick and gloves)-Now we'll go, Willie.

(Both start for the door while the Babe slips the money down the front of her dress. But midway to the door Quorn and Willie halt suddenly as the figure of a man in the unifrom of a British Tommy steps briskly into the opening. He drops an assortment of packs, havsacks and bundles to the floor and faces the three_wonderingly.)

THE BABE (springing toward the khaki-clad man with wideflung arms)—Jim! I—I thought you were in India. (Her arms go around his neck and he lifts her from the floor, her heels kicking wildly.)

JIM (crushing her to him)— Thought you'd be surprised. The blighters finally came through with my ticket, though (setting the Babe down and stiffening as he looks at Willie). Beg your pardon, sir, I didn't recognize you before.

WILLIE (excitedly)-Harris, by jove! My old orderly, uncle (turning to Quorn)-Best I ever had. QUORN (smoothly, grasping the sit-

uation) — Extraordinary coincidence. My nephew and I had just called to see if you had yet been discharged. He has spoken often of you, wondering if you'd be taken care of when you left the service—and we were telling Mrs. Harris (waving a hand at the Babe) to have you call at my office when you came home. Thought we might find you a job.

(Quorn approaches Jim and with an arm on his shoulder walks with him through the doorway where the latter starts to pick up the luggage he had dropped.)

WILLIE (aside to the Babe, who is staring fearfully at the men)-Quick! Our money back or Jim learns the truth.

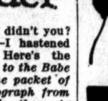
THE BABE (her lips trembling as she hands over the money which Willie receives with a contented sigh)-I was only trying to keep a home for Jim (she bursts into tears).

(Quorn, hastily handing Jim a card and signalling to Willie to follow, hurriedly exits. Willie dashes after him, passing Jim on the way. The curtain slowly descends as Jim, loaded down with his packs and equipment, looks in bewilderment down the corridor, to the card in his hand—and to the Babe, who has flung herself, weeping bitterly, down on the

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